and in the moſt exact regard, ſupport the worſhippes of their name, O moſt ſmall fault, how vgly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew, that like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place, drew from my heart all loue, & added to the gall; ô *Lear*, *Lear*! beate at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deare iudgment out, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. My Lord, I am guiltleſſe as I am ignorant.

Lear. It may be ſo my Lord, harke *Nature*, heare deere Goddeſſe, ſuſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend to make this creature fruitefull, into her wombe conuey ſterility, dry vp in her the Organs of encreaſe, and from her derogate body neuer ſpring a babe to honor her; if ſhe muſt teem, create her childe of ſpleen, that it may liue and be a thourt diſuetur'd torment to her, let it ſtampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accent teares, fret channels in her cheekes, turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and contempt, that ſhee may feele, how ſharper then a ſerpents tooth it is, to haue a thankleſſe childe, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

Gon. Neuer afflict your ſelfe to know the cauſe, but let his diſpoſition haue that ſcope that dotage giues it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?

Duke. What is the matter ſir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am aſham'd that thou haſt power to ſhake my man-hood thus, that theſe hot teares that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs vpon the vntender woundings of a fathers curſe, peruſe euery ſence about the olde fond eies, be-weepe this cauſe againe, ile plucke you out, and you caſt with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, is it come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am ſure is kinde and comfortable, when ſhe ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes ſhee'l flay thy woluiſh viſage, thou ſhalt finde that ile reſume the ſhape, which thou doeſt thinke I haue caſt off for euer, thou ſhalt I warrant thee. *Exit.*

Gon. Do you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot be ſo partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you.

Gon.

Gon. Come ſir, no more
maſter.

Foole. Nuncle *Lear*, Nu
a fox when one has caugh
to the ſlaughter, if my ca
lowes after.

Gon. What *Oſwald*, ho.

Oſwald. Heere Madam

Gon. What, haue you w

Oſw. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome co
full of my particular feare
owne, as may compact it
turne——now my Lor
yours though I diſlike no
lapt want of wiſedome, t

Duke. How farre your
Striuing to better ought,

Gon. Nay then——

Duke. Well, well, the e

Enter L

Lear. Go you before t
my daughter no further
from her demand out of t
die, I ſhall be there befo

Kent. I will not ſleepe
ter.

Foole. If a mans braine
of kybes?

Foole. Then I prethee b

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt ſee thy oth
though ſhe is as like this,
what I can tell.

Lear. Why what canſt t

Foole. Shee'l taſte as

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